

### "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

(Vide "Punch," Feb. 14, p. 109.)

In the number preceding this, to which reference is made above, Mr. Punch appealed to the kind-hearted, open-handed public on behalf of the funds of the oldest and largest Hospital for Children in London, namely, that in Great Ormond Street, "which," as was then pointed out, "but for immediate aid, must inevitably close its doors." It is, therefore, most gratifying to all who have at heart the welfare of this great Charity, that Mr. Punch is able within so short an interval to announce, as the first part of the full answer to his pleading, the receipt of various sums, amounting in the total to just on *three thousand pounds*.

Pleased as Mr. Punch is with the result so far, that is up to the hour of our going to press, yet once again, and again after that, must he urge his plea. Mr. Punch is a beggar to beg, but not at all an "absent-minded" one. What he has begun, he continues; and in so good a cause he is importunate. He is still before you, cap in hand: drop in the coins, and make its bells jingle merrily.

Once more let the facts speak for themselves. *En iterum!*

Hospital's Ordinary Expenditure	£16,000
" Income ... ..	£9,000
" Deficit ... ..	£7,000

There's the point: "deficit." Facts are stubborn things, and you can't get over them. Hearts, thank Heaven, are not. Hearts will be touched, cheques will be drawn, and purses will be opened, to make life sweet, or at least to ameliorate its conditions, for poor sick children, to whom this Hospital, with its kindly doctors and gentle, attentive nurses, will be the realisation of what otherwise they might never know, a bright and Happy Home.

Donations in cash, in notes, in cheques, in postal and P.O. orders, from ever so little up to ever so much, will be gratefully received on behalf of the "Ormond



### STOP THIEF!

TAKING AWAY "THE BREATH OF THE EMPIRE."

The Navy League has called the attention of the Admiralty (who themselves want 150,000 tons *immediately*) to the fact that large contracts for Welsh and English coal (400,000 tons in one case) have been accepted from foreign governments.

["The CZAR has agreed to permit coal to be imported into Russia *free of customs duties* until September 1."—*Standard*.]

Street Hospital Fund," and thankfully acknowledged by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.,

10, Bouverie Street,

Fleet Street, E.C.

P.S.—This is not "the last time of asking."

NOTE FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—We have plenty and to spare of "Reviews of the War," teaching a lesson that ought to have been learnt from "Reviews" *before* the war.

### HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

February (continued).

WEEDING must be carried on vigorously. The best plan is to invite a London friend to stay with you for a week, and set him to the work. At the end of two days it will be necessary to procure another friend, but in a short time you will have the double satisfaction of knowing that you have entertained quite a number of people who were once your friends, and that at least a part of the garden has been weeded. The disposal of the weeds presents no difficulty. Either make a bonfire when the direction of the wind will cause all the smoke to enter somebody else's house, or—a simpler plan—having collected all the weeds in a bundle, drop them quietly over your neighbour's wall. If he finds them, you can say how glad you were to give him a few hardy roots for his garden.

Many readers write to complain that they are quite unable to provide celery for their dinner-tables. We have never failed to get a good supply, and we recommend our plan to others. Sow the seed beneath a frame in the early Summer, carefully watering, giving air, etc., as wanted. This will not take more than an hour a day. Then in the Autumn plant out in deep trenches, carefully earthing-up the roots from time to time. Manure, hoe, clean, sprinkle with sulphur, and spend as much time and money as possible on the plants. Then await results. By-and-bye, when you need celery for the table, take a well-filled purse and pay a visit to Covent Garden. By this simple method you will be able to enjoy this delicious vegetable as long as it is in season, and your friends will realise what an advantage it is to have a garden of your own.

A. C. D.

"PARR'S" EXERCISE—with the "Dumb-bells." Excellent for restoring the circulation.



### SECTIONAL VIEW OF A LONDON STREET, ANY TIME DURING LAST WEEK.

(Dedicated to nearly all the Metropolitan Vestries.)



"MOTHER, DO OUR HENS HAVE TO COME ALL THIS WAY FOR THEIR EGGS, OR IS THERE A NEARER SHOP?"

### DEPRECIATIONS.

#### XV.

PAUL KRÜGER, TO CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITION.

FRIENDS!—for I knew you such through all disguise  
When talk was loudest made of English hearts

White-hot for loyal love of Queen and land,

Waiving, for once, in face of common needs,  
What difference held your judgments off at feud—

I have your words to hearten me like wine,  
Not such as lures the righteous towards the Pit,

Being a Mocker, but the other kind  
Good for the stomach found infirm at core.  
For I was scarce so fit as some supposed,  
Despite my bruited victories, dearly bought  
With blood of precious burghers, seed o' th' Church,

Not counting local aliens forced to fight,  
Nor foreign mercenaries paid to bleed,  
Nor lives o' th' Free State lost in battle's front,

Good brother STEYN may reckon in, not I.  
Candour for candour! See I mete you out  
Full measure, overflowing bucket's brim.

Three months we sat and never gained an inch,  
Who made our boast to paint the ocean red  
With gore of shattered British shoved therein!

Three months in leaguer round three several towns,

Ourselves beleaguered hardly less than they,

These light-heart foes that fight like fiends for choice,

But, business slack, contrive to make the time

(Spared from the dull routine of dodging shells

Deadly as dumplings) pass with sport and song

And suchlike solace o' barrack-squares at home;

Mocking our futile arms. And we the while,

Nature our firm ally, with Art to boot,—

Knowledge of neighbour's country, LEYDS at large

To pour supplies through Delagoa's gate,  
With gold o' th' Rand to lubricate the same.

Yes, yes, I know the tales  
Designed for press-consumption, how we lose

One life to half a hecatomb of theirs.  
I think that none should know them well as I

Who have their spreading laid to my account

By whoso keeps the record-book of lies—  
A sin to pardon, let me greatly hope,  
Being a naughty means to godly ends.  
Nor need I here confess the actual tale  
Of bodies hurried o' nights to nameless graves,

Or tossed in river, boulder tied at neck,  
To keep the secret safe from curious eyes.

But to my point, how much I owe you thanks

Who spoke the useful word i' th' nick of time,

Perchance for party purpose, yet no less  
You certify my faith securely fixed  
On that slim rede that never failed us yet—

Trust to the Opposition! good at need.  
Nor ever sorer need was ours than then,  
Who marked the lazy tide of war at turn;  
Dissension rife i' th' camp; the country rent

With questioning of losses long concealed;  
Our army sick of doubtful conquests won  
By sacrifice not doubtful; hope deferred  
Waking the old desire for peaceful days,  
The silent hunger of home, the voiceless cry

For leave to labour on the land they love.  
We hid our hurt with cloak of triumphs claimed,

Yet knew, past hiding, how the end must  
Not far behind the victor's first defeat.

But now I hear report of hopes renewed,  
Fresh courage in the ranks, a brighter flame

Fanned by your sympathy sent overseas,  
That bids endure the toil a little while,  
Until, her weapons turned against herself,  
England shall proffer overtures of peace.

Nay, further, since a friend may wound with words

More bad to bear than any foeman's blow,  
Doubt not, along your army's fighting lines,

The story, hard to credit, how you strove  
To weaken still the hands, not strong before,

That held the nation's fate against the world,  
Should do me service breaking sundry hearts.

Once more my gentle thanks, who count you dear  
Even beyond the journalists of France,  
Hucksters that sell themselves for vulgar pay,

While you are rich in virtue's sole reward.



THE ABOVE IS NOT A WAR PICTURE. IT MERELY REPRESENTS AN INCIDENT IN THE TOO REALISTIC SCOUTING MANŒUVRES OF THE BLANKSHIRE YEOMANRY. POOR MR. AND MRS. TIMMINS THOUGHT AT LEAST THE COUNTRY HAD BEEN INVADED.

#### CUM GRANO.

[A Frenchman has discovered that men can be made to grow to giants by the stimulating action of salt upon the epiphysis].

SING a song of cubits,  
Stature rectified,  
Scores of short men using  
Sodium chloride.  
When the cure was ended,  
And six feet still afar,  
They put the salt upon the tale  
And caught a French canard.

THE WAY TO THE SERVICE; OR,  
THEN, NOW, AND TO-MORROW.

THEN.—A few years ago. EXAMINER and LEARNED CANDIDATE discovered.

Examiner. I am pleased that you have been able to pass in the various difficult courses prescribed by the regulations. No doubt the training you have undergone has been tedious, but you will find the advantage when you have joined the Service. You will learn in the time to come that a soldier can be of no use to himself or his country unless he possesses an intimate acquaintance with many subjects apparently entirely unconnected with the profession of arms. I sincerely congratulate you upon your admission to the Service. May success attend you if you are ever called upon to meet the enemy.

[Warmly shakes the LEARNED CANDIDATE by the hand, who retires greatly gratified.]  
NOW.—The Present Moment. EXAMINER and UNLEARNED CANDIDATE discovered.

Examiner. I am pleased that you have been spared passing in the various difficult courses prescribed by the regulations. No doubt the training you have

escaped would have been tedious, and it would not have prepared you to enter the Service. You will learn in the time to come that a soldier to be useful to himself and his country should have a mind free from educational distractions. I sincerely congratulate you upon your admission to the Service. May success attend you if you are ever called upon to meet the enemy.

[Warmly shakes the UNLEARNED CANDIDATE by the hand, who retires greatly gratified.]

TO-MORROW.—A few years hence. EX-EXAMINER and EX-CANDIDATES discovered.

Ex-Examiner. Now, my friends, that we have time for a chat, a word with you. Thanks to our united efforts, we have conquered the enemy. My learning has not stood in the way, nor yours either. I am addressing my learned friend. And what I say to him applies equally to you, his unlearned colleague. England does not want book law, but British pluck exhibited in British manhood. So I can congratulate you both, learned and unlearned and myself, upon the happy result. Success has attended upon us when we have been called upon to meet the foe. And now let us return to our professional duties.

[Exeunt with a cheer in pursuit of the enemy.]



"Mr. Balfour discussed scientific research at the King's College Festival Dinner."

THE GOLFOUR BACTERII.  
(Recently discovered.)





"OH, GEORGE DEAR, THE LANDLORD HAS RAISED THE RENT!"

"HAS HE? I CAN'T!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A NEW book by the author of *Deborah of Tods* will be opened with pleasurable expectation by any who read that notable novel. My Baronite assures them they will not be disappointed in *Adam Grigson* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. DE LA PASTURE's latest work. There is, perhaps, an echo of *Major Dobbin* in *Adam*, whilst *Rosamund Evelyn* is a kind of impotent *Becky Sharp*. Apart from these, the book is full of living characters, notably *Lady Mary Evelyn*, who has a life-long quarrel with her best-beloved son, which closes by his bed-side, and is atoned for by patient preparation for the press of the scattered MS. of his book. Another admirable figure, more lightly sketched, is *Francis Evelyn*, the grandson, and heir to the Evelyn estates. Incidentally, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE lifts the veil behind which frivolous and naughty sections of London Society flirt, dance, eat, drink, and make love to other people's husbands and wives.

*Historic Parallels to L'Affaire Dreyfus* (HUTCHINSON) is a series of old stories re-told, with the effect of showing that in earlier times there was prevalent a good deal of the kind of human nature that made the DREYFUS case possible in modern France. Mr. EDGAR SANDERSON takes the sad fate of JOHN OF BARNEVELDT, done to death by Prince MAURICE of Orange; the Catholic victims of TITUS OATES; the Protestant martyr, JEAN CALAS of Toulouse; and Lord COCHRANE, perhaps better known by his later title, Earl of DUNDONALD. The strange and shameful stories are told with clearness and dramatic force. My Baronite, reading them, is struck by two subsidiary parallels. In the DREYFUS case, as in the tragedy of JEAN CALAS, it was a man of letters who, touched by the iniquity of the attack on an innocent person, gave up his ordinary pursuits and devoted himself, body,

soul and purse, to seeing justice done. As ZOLA was chiefly instrumental in saving DREYFUS, so VOLTAIRE, single-handed, established the innocence of the hapless Toulouse dealer in printed calico. The other parallel is established in the many points of personal resemblance between the gallant sailor Lord DUNDONALD and our dear "CHARLIE" BERESFORD, whose honourable exile on duty in the Mediterranean eclipses the gaiety of the House of Commons.

To those who may be very deeply interested in theatrical matters within the last forty years, *The Kendals* (which, judging from its title, the guileless Baron took to be a novel), by T. EDGAR PEMBERTON (PEARSON), will be found proportionately acceptable, and as a book of reference it will prove of great value to some future annalist of the English stage. The republication of a certain playful speech, which attracted considerable attention at the time of its utterance without contributing to the popularity of its gifted authoress among her Play-fellows, may be even now considered by some as injudicious, seeing that the question concerning the "social" status of the histrion has long ago ceased to be of any general interest. It is not worth while now-a-days reviving the old discussion of the social status of the actor or the artist or the architect, or of the members of any other profession or calling. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus," and there's an end of it. The K.'s seem to have had, in a general way, a rare good time; they came on the stage naturally and easily, and so have continued going on from good to best. The Baron hopes to see them again, ere long, in some strong original play. Mr. EDGAR PEMBERTON has ably done his self-imposed task, and, on occasion, has gone very near to giving his own candid and unbiassed opinion. "Q. E. D."—"Which is Difficult."

THE BARON DE B.-W.





**CALLED TO ACCOUNT.**

*Charity.* "THAT WASN'T GIVEN YOU TO HOARD."

*Royal Commissioner.* "I KNOW, MISS, BUT I CAN'T BEAR TO PART WITH IT."



### "FISHING INTERROGATORY."

*Seedy Looker-on (scenting a flask somewhere). "POOR THINGS, THEM FISH, SIR! NOTHING BUT COLD WATER FOR 'EM, SIR! MAKES ONE FEEL VERY GREAT SYMPATHY FOR ONE'S FELLOW CRITTERS WHAT'S GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DRINK, SIR: COME T-T-T"—(teeth chatter)—"TO THINK OF IT, IF YER COULD MAKE IT 'ARP A PINT, GUV'NER!"*

### AT A THEATRE OR TWO.

MR. WYNDHAM is a Revivalist, and a successful one. TOM ROBERTSON'S *David Garrick* is still "all alive, O!" turning up at frequent *matinées* with CHARLES WYNDHAM for hero and Miss MARY MOORE for heroine, as good as ever they were since the days when Prince CHARLES succeeded, and successfully succeeded, King EDWARD, surnamed SOTHERN, in the part of "little Davy." "Little Davy's" stature wasn't much, if anything, over five feet, except "when he was in a passion," and neither WYNDHAM nor SOTHERN could bring themselves down to be such very low comedians. At WYNDHAM'S Theatre, o' nights, is being given PINERO'S merry farce of *Dandy Dick*, of which *laudatores temporis acti* will say 'tis briskly played and sufficiently amusing, although Mrs. WOOD can never be equalled, still less excelled, as *Georgiana Tidman*; nor is even the admirable ALFRED BISHOP quite "in it" with the very saponaceous, plummy-mouthed, portly Dean, as originally represented by JOHN CLAYTON. And then poor ARTHUR CECIL'S *Blone the Butler*! However, these are reminiscences of "their Excellencies" in the past, while hearty laughter is sufficient testimony to the success of the present representation.

Another farcical revival is that of *His Excellency*, by Captain MARSHALL, at the Criterion. These resuscitations are quite in spirit with the feeling of the present time, when we can do with a lot of revival and are really glad of a first-rate pick-me-up, even though its flavour and strength may have been somewhat impaired by keeping and by transference into new bottles. Pantomimic *Puss in Boots* has decided the vexed Shakspearian question of "Tabby or not Tabby," and has gone on a visit to the *Markis o' Carabas* in the provinces.

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION. EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

#### The Train.

You you complain of one current of air, Mr.?

Eh well, me I stuff. I not wish to shut the window. The French not can ever to support the grand air.

How, Mr., you insist that she may be shutted? Know you that I am English?

You respond that I am in France? So much badder!

He there has again some one who him complain of the current of air? It is one lady?

Then I shall shut the window, but I shall be very bad to the ease. Are they frilous the female French!

These wagons are frightful. One there is very bad. One is shoved, one is squashed, one is shaken.

This sun is insupportable. I go to pull down the stores.

What voyage! In fine, see there Paris!

#### Le Train.

Vous vous plaignez d'un courant d'air, monsieur?

Eh bien, moi j'étouffe. Je ne veux pas fermer la fenêtre. Les Français ne peuvent jamais supporter le grand air.

Comment, monsieur, vous insistez qu'elle soit fermée. Savez-vous que je suis Anglais?

Vous répondez que je suis en France? Tant pis!

Il y a encore quelqu'un qui se plaint du courant d'air? C'est une dame?

Alors je fermerai la fenêtre, mais je serai très mal à l'aise. Sont-elles frileuses les Françaises!

Ces wagons sont affreux. On y est très mal. On est bousculé, on est serré, on est secoué.

Ce soleil est insupportable. Je vais baisser les stores.

Quel voyage! Enfin, voilà Paris!

#### The Arrival.

Factor, take all these objects.

Imbecile, you have crushed my melon!

Ah, no, I me recall, I me am sited above. Happily I have one hat of straw and one casket of voyage.

I desire one carriage discovered. It is that. In road!

Coacher, enter in the court.

How, you demand five francs? That is this that you me sing there?

It is one franc fifty the race.

And the baggages, you tell? And the fordrink?

What, farcer, I not have but one twentyer of littles packets!

Porter, how much must he to pay?

Four francs, the fordrink no comprised? Never of the life!

Eh, well, see there four francs and again two halfpennys. Are they all robbers, the coachers of Paris!

#### L'Arrivée.

Facteur, prenez tous ces objets.

Imbécile, vous avez écrasé mon melon!

Ah, non, je me rappelle, je me suis assis dessus. Heureusement j'ai un chapeau de paille et une casquette de voyage.

Je désire une voiture découverte. C'est ça. En route!

Cocher, entrez dans la cour.

Comment, vous demandez cinq francs? Qu'est-ce que vous me chantez-là?

C'est un franc cinquante la course.

Et les bagages, vous dites? Et le pourboire?

Hein, farceur, je n'ai qu'une vingtaine de petits paquets!

Portier, combien faut-il payer?

Quatre francs, le pourboire non compris? Jamais de la vie!

Eh bien, voilà quatre francs, et encore deux sous. Sont-ils tous voleurs, les cochers de Paris!

H. D. B.

DANCE A BABY BIBBY!—It is reported that a new ship on the famous "Bibby Line" is in progress of construction. This is as it may be. The new Bibby we suppose is on view in her own cradle preparatory to going out to be "rock'd in the cradle of the deep." The new Bibby, we trust to hear, is doing well.

THE REAL "RESERVIST."—Military censors of News Telegrams from the seat of war.

PRECIOUS POEMS.—No. V.  
THE CHILD AND THE NIGGER, OR  
SIMPLE TRUST!

ON a beauteous day in Summer,  
In the Park I chanced to meet  
Such a new and tiny comer,  
Perched alone upon a seat.

And a bitter look of sorrow  
Sat upon his baby brow,  
All the troubles of to-morrow  
Seemed to weigh upon him now.

Very kindly I addressed him:  
"Run and play, you tiny boy,"  
To be jubilant I pressed him,  
As the earth was full of joy.

But he sat there, looking rigid,  
With explanatory: "Sir,  
Nurse has said, in accents frigid,  
I'm on no account to stir.

"If I do, a nasty nigger  
Will immediately appear,  
Big as you, or rather bigger,  
On his face an ugly leer.

"He will pull me all to pieces,  
When I probably shall die,  
So, till Nurse's word releases  
Me, I cannot even cry."

"Is the story true, I wonder?"  
I incontinently said,  
"Nurses have been known to blunder"—  
But the youngster shook his head.

"I believe it—Nurse has said it!"  
And he stiffened every joint;  
He was wrong to give her credit,  
Yet I couldn't press the point.

It was only fancy, maybe—  
In my ears there seemed to ring,  
That the faith of such a baby  
Is a very sacred thing!

What was I that I should shatter  
Such a simple, simple trust?  
Though a sceptic in the matter,  
I was humbled to the dust.

"Oh, how beautiful," I muttered,  
"Is his confidence in Nurse!"  
My philosophies, if uttered,  
Would be infinitely worse."

So I left him sitting yonder,  
Left him rigid to the last,  
And with Ecstasy I Ponder  
On the Aons of the Past!

F. E.

PLANS FOR THE PERFECT DEFENCE  
OF LONDON.

(Under consideration at the War Office.)

THE guard in charge of the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park to be reinforced to the extent of a couple of sentries and an additional police constable.

The cannon in St. James's Park to be replaced by ordnance of a less obsolete fashion.

The Beefeaters at the Tower to be

Hedwin, "RANGELEENER! WON'T YER 'EAR ME? WOT 'UD YER SY IF I TOLD YER AS I'D 'TOOK THE SHILLIN'?"

Hangelina. "SY? WHY—'HALVES'!"

strengthened by the companionship of a detachment drawn from the garrison of Chelsea Hospital.

An additional padlock to be put upon the door of the armoury of the Inns of Court Volunteers.

The fleet of the Penny Thames Steamboats to receive a coat of paint to fit them for active service.

The trees on Primrose Hill to be cut down with a view to depriving a possible invader of cover.

The ducks on the ornamental water in the parks to be increased by five dozen.

A captive balloon to be permanently tethered over the site of Earl's Court.

The glass of the Crystal Palace to be protected by a coating of tin from shell-fire.

All the military statues to be washed and put in good order.

And finally, the equestrian sentry boxes at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, to be painted with the national colours, surmounted by the Union Jack, and inscribed with the words, "England expects every man to do his duty."







## A NICE OUTLOOK.

Mrs. Newlywed (to Cook, whom she has just engaged at Registry Office). "YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND IS SO VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS FOOD."

Cook (sympathetically). "THER ALL ALIKE, MEM. MY OLD MAN WAS JUST THE SIM. I NEVER COOKED NOTHINK TO PLEASE 'IM IN MY LIFE!"

## SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

## V.—AT A VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW.

Too bad of the Rector to let me in for this job. . . . Assured me that "the Secretary's duties are almost nominal"—and I've hardly had a moment's peace since I came down here a fortnight ago. . . . Don't even know the people's names, and forget them as fast as I'm told. . . . Just cut Lady HAWTHORN, it seems, who's one of the leading patronesses. . . . Rector quite annoyed; as if it were my fault! . . . Jot down a description of her on back of my catalogue: "Lady HAWTHORN, red nose, permanent simper, slight squint, blue-and-green dress. . . . There, I shall be able to spot her again, anyhow. . . . Better add a few more descriptions of the aristocracy—as for the rustics, quite impossible to

remember them apart. . . . Well, Mrs. BROWN—Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. SMITHERS,—what is it? . . . Did I ever get a viner lot o' 'taties than yours? . . . Worthy old lady seems dreadfully excited. . . . Must hasten to express my firm belief that such potatoes have never previously been seen by mortal eye. . . . Then what do I mean by giving Mrs. Jinks the first prize! . . . Oh,—er, that's the judges' doing. Not my department at all. . . . What a terrible creature! Really thought she was going to assault me with her umbrella. . . . Must avoid her for the rest of the day. . . . Here's another! . . . Am I the secretary of this 'ere show? . . . Yes, Madam, I have that—er, honour. Then you'd like to know why your honey has been 'id away at the back, while Mrs. Barrett's has been stuck in the front? . . . Really, I haven't the least idea. Will enquire into the matter at once.

. . . Ah, here's the honey. Will rearrange it a little. . . . Another angry woman pounces on me, addresses me as "young man," and threatens to give me in charge for attempting to steal her property. . . . Now I wonder who this farmer is who is clutching me by the arm and talking about pigs. . . . What breed do I go in for? . . . Oh, Blue Rocks, chiefly. . . . He seems quite annoyed—wonder why? . . . Dear me, I do believe Blue Rocks are pigeons, not pigs. . . . Both begin with a "p," anyhow. . . . Here's a fashionably-dressed young lady making towards me. . . . Wasn't I introduced to her just now? Where's my catalogue with those descriptions? . . . Good heavens, I've dropped it. . . . Can I give her any advice on growing—what? Oh, yes, *Vallota purpurea*. . . . As secretary of a flower-show, don't like to explain that I live in London, and that my garden consists of a backyard ten feet square. . . . What sort of soil suits them? . . . Well, any ordinary soil. . . . Do they want much water? . . . (This is dreadful!) . . . Oh, not much; say, four times a day. . . . She seems surprised. Add hastily that, of course, they ought to have much more in dry weather. . . . Hullo, here's somebody else looking for me. . . . Well, what is it? Lady HAWTHORN wants to speak to me? Who the dickens is Lady HAWTHORN? . . . Oh, that's her, is it, in the blue-and-green dress. . . . What a squint she's got! . . . Why, of course, I described her on my catalogue. . . . Wish I hadn't lost it. . . . What are you giggling about? . . . Lady HAWTHORN has picked up something with my name on it, and wishes to restore it to me? . . . Good heavens, it's my catalogue! . . . Can anybody oblige me with a time-table of the trains up to town?

## DAWN!

WHEN the rosy dawn is breaking  
Into sweet effulgent light,  
And the myriad birds are making  
Noises that are hushed at night;  
When the sun his aureole tender  
First reflects upon my head  
From the window or the fender  
—How I love to lie in bed!

When I hear the ploughman urging  
Voice and whip to drive the share,  
Or the housemaid's step emerging  
On the yet undusted stair;  
When I hear the milkman calling  
When the strokes I hate and dread  
On the breakfast gong are falling  
—How I love to lie in bed!

"THIS FORT OF TILBURY."—The embarkation of the 17th Lancers was somewhat delayed. "Captain COKE," said the Times, "was very anxious," and did all he knew. Perhaps "Commodore Coal" was in fault.



Giles (indicating Sportsman on excitable Horse, waiting his turn). "BLESS US ALL, TUMAS, IF THAT UN BEANT A GOIN' TO TRY IT BACK'ARDS!"

#### AD BACCHUM.

[*"A German scientist adduces the physical and mental superiority of the hard-drinking Greeks and Romans over their abstemious descendants in proof of his theory that drunkenness is the inevitable concomitant of vigorous national life."*—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN beyond the starry skies  
Rang th' Olympic revelries,  
When to Aphrodite's eyes  
Zeus would drain the bowl,  
What did Ganymedes bear  
To the Gods assembled there?  
Was it not a vintage rare  
Making glad the soul?

Hector, from the battle free,  
Drank to fair Andromache  
Cups of Chian, blessing thee,  
Bacchus, for the wine;  
Heraacles, his labours o'er,  
Cleansed the stable, slain the boar,  
L'ved the Samian to pour,  
Bacchus, on thy shrine.

Then who would be blithe and gay,  
Let him at thy altar pay  
Once and twice and thrice a day  
All the honours due!  
Jolly Bacchus, young and free,  
Be thou my divinity!  
Gods and heroes worshipped thee—  
I will worship too.

#### SOME REASONS WHY

*We should not have an Army.*

BY A. A. Z. Y. X.

BECAUSE M. BLOCH has declared that War is now Impossible.

Because our Fleet is Invincible, Ubiquitous, Unsinkable, Unrammable, Unwreckable, Inexhaustible, dates from the Time of King ALFRED, can be Mobilised in Two Minutes, and can Steam up the Steepest Watershed.

Because it might provoke Foreign Nations to be a little less Friendly than they are at present.

Because a Lot of Old Ladies are dreadfully afraid of anything approaching to Conscription or even the Ballot Act.

Because Conscription is so un-English, and Britons never will be Slaves, and have nothing to learn about the Art of War from the Continent.

Because every Boer can ride and handle a Gun, and Englishmen should therefore retire from an Undignified Competition in such matters.

Because in Future the Guns will Go Off of Themselves.

Because England has hitherto been so Successful in the way of Arbitration—witness the Alabama Claim and the Delagoa Bay Award.

Because We are Always in the Wrong,

and should not be Tempted to uphold our Unjust Claims. Even now we are being very Rudo to the Boers.

#### A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

*Addressed to the L. C. C. by one who thinks the recent bye-law suppressing street shouting might go further.*

AND indeed it is well to stifle the yell  
Of the vendor in the street;  
But is there no law to muzzle the jaw  
That mouths in the printed sheet?

We are sick of the boys and their hideous noise

Which will scarcely let us think;  
But what of the men who shriek with the pen,  
And bellow aloud in ink?

If the lying shout of an ignorant lout  
Has often our anger stirred,  
Yet is it so ill as the contents-bill  
That suppresses the tell-tale word?

Tho' invention be poor we can find a cure  
For discomforts London feels,  
But I see no help for the curs who yelp  
Round a distant General's heels.

So all honour be to the L. C. C.  
Who have silenced the hoots we hear,  
But I keep my growl for the blatant howl  
That rings in the reader's ear.



*Curate.* "OH—ER—BY THE WAY, MR. BLOGGS, I WAS WONDERING WHETHER YOU WOULD GIVE ME A SMALL SUBSCRIPTION FOR A MOST EXCELLENT OBJECT: I MEAN THE REPAIRING OF THE CEMETERY WALL."

*Wealthy Parvenu.* "NOT ME, SIR. THE CEMETERY WALL DON'T NEED ANY REPAIRING. THEM AS IS INSIDE CAN'T GET OUT, AN' THEM AS IS OUTSIDE DON'T WANT TO GET IN. GOOD MORNIN'!"

#### SYMBOLISM.

[*"Speaking of the works of a literary Dean, celebrated for the gorgeousness of his style: 'Rather than write like that,' he said, 'I would express myself in mathematical formulas.'"*—*Mr. Gosse on Archbishop Benson in "Literature."*]

PHYLIS, since a strong objection  
I to turgid language feel,  
Let my passionate affection  
Terms of algebra reveal.

Let me tell my ardour, sparing  
Rhetoric's fantastic flower;—

Surds its mysteries declaring—  
Indices proclaim its power.

Words themselves are but conventions;  
If on symbols we agree,  
We may write, without pretensions,  
Our love-letters, *a* and *b*.

Of your love (as yet unspoken)  
When dark doubts my mind perplex,  
I the unknown to betoken,  
Will employ the symbol *x*.

Though unparallel our stations  
(You are high and I am low),

To the simplest of equations  
Love can level ranks, you know.

Then, as future may design us  
More or less of happiness,  
By the signs of + or -  
We its buffets can express.

Thus, through calm or stormy weather,  
Side by side our path we'll tread,  
Till at last we rest together—  
Senior Wranglers bracketed.

#### PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. (By a Prophetic Pessimist.)

PASSIONATE invective against England explained away by the French Government. Hostile demonstration of the Press agent Albion ignored by the authorities of the Quai d'Orsay.

Street cries of contempt addressed to British tourists compensated for by increased civility at the leading hotels.

Opening of the Exposition under the protection of foot, horse, and artillery.

Five months of suppressed hatred of everything connected with JOHN BULL and his family.

Last moments of the Exposition and carnival of capital.

End of the profit-gathering and exodus of excursionists.

The next day—declaration of war against Great Britain.

#### SNOWED UP!

(A Wail from West Kensington.)

[*"Mr. H. P. BOULNOIS, presiding at a lecture given at the Sanitary Institute by Mr. W. NISSEY BLAIR, stated that the cost of removing a snow-fall from the whole of the thoroughfares of the metropolis amounts to £300,000 (?). Mr. BLAIR held that the Public Health (London) Act, 1891, relieving householders of the obligation to sweep snow from the footway, was a mistake."*—*Daily Telegraph, Feb. 15.*]

BEAUTIFUL snow! it merely costs

Three hundred thou. to remove each fall!  
These old-fashioned Winters and Arctic  
frosts

Are a dearly-bought blessing after all.

Beautiful snow! it takes a week

Ere the streets are passable, once 'tis  
down!

For with half-thawed slush they fairly reek,  
The pavements of our Arcadian town.

Beautiful snow! the cause, in fact,  
Why its clearing away is lamely done  
Is the wonderful Public Health (London)  
Act of 1891.

Beautiful snow! nine years ago

Each had to sweep at his own front door;  
'Tis the vestry's duty now—and so  
The snow remains with us evermore.

Beautiful snow! clause 29

Of the self-same Act bids Bumble pay,  
For each street uncleared, a £20 fine—  
Who would bell the cat, has a chance  
to-day!





## “NEVER SAY DIE!”

JOHN BULL (to himself, in the “Mark Tapley” vein). “NOW, MR. JOHN BULL, JUST YOU ATTEND TO WHAT I’VE GOT TO SAY. THINGS HAVE BEEN LOOKING ABOUT AS BAD AS THEY COULD LOOK, OLD MAN. YOU’LL NOT HAVE SUCH ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR SHOWING YOUR JOLLY DISPOSITION, MY FINE FELLOW, AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. AND, THEREFORE, JOHN B., NOW’S YOUR TIME TO COME OUT STRONG; NOW OR NEVER!” (And J. B. has come out strong at Kimberley and after.) *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch. xxiii.



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## VALENTINE'S DAY, 1900.

(By a Day-after-the-Fair Poet.)

My love, I fear my verse can hardly glow  
With all the warmth it certainly should show  
To-day.

How can I write of CUPID and his bow,  
When blasts as in the depth of winter blow  
Away?

How can I burn amidst such freezing woe,  
When, choked with ice, the rivers hardly flow?  
Or, pray,

How rave of rosy-tinted joy? You know  
The dismal sky, obscured by passing snow,  
Is grey.

Such gloom above, such hateful cold below,  
Freeze all my fancies. Frost is now my foe;  
In May

I might be lively, now I am not so.  
This weather only could to Esquimaux  
Seem gay.

H. D. B.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 12.—GEORGE WYNDHAM'S speech on introducing military scheme maintains reputation gained in debate on Address. That a difficult task. Its accomplishment finally fixes his position in House. Odd to some lookers-on that success has been so long on its way. Years ago, whilst young WYNDHAM still sat below gangway, occasionally contributing polished periods to debate, the member for Sark spotted his capacity. Many back pages of this diary testify to appreciation of possibilities. But the House would not have him any more than, for a long season, it would have that other brilliant young man of PRINCE ARTHUR'S personal set, the present Viceroy of India.

Possibly for same reason. Their speech too strongly flavoured with particular oratorical condiments that go down only at the University Debating Club. The unpardonable sin of debate in the House of Commons is artificiality. There was thick veneer of this in the earlier elaborate efforts alike of GEORGE CURZON and GEORGE WYNDHAM. The House impatiently resented this; but easy to see that the faults were those of manner. The air of hardy self assurance was, really, evidence of timidity, proof of wholesome apprehension of the verdict of the most critical assembly in the world. From the moment either stood at the Table, armed with the authority of a Minister, albeit an Under-Secretary, the veneer was rubbed off and the true grit shewed itself.

"There's nothing," says SARK, "like the Treasury Bench for bringing out the best of a really capable man. On the grouse moors they, in due season, burn broad strips of heather, and from under the charred mass sprouts succulent green stuff. So it is with the fierce light that beats upon the Treasury Bench. It scorches up little foibles and mannerisms, and if there is anything good in the soil it comes out fresh and strong. I'm old enough to have had a seat in the House when PRINCE ARTHUR was regarded

as a lackadaisical young man, whose speech was tolerated only because he had a pretty presence, a pleasant manner, and was Lord SALISBURY'S nephew. The moment he was seated on the Treasury Bench he was not less marvellously translated than was that quite other person, Bottom. From his new departure he went on improving till he reached his present incomparable position. So it will be, as it thus far has been, with GEORGE WYNDHAM. Mark my words, TOBY, M.P. There are a good many members of the present House who will live to see him leading it."

*Business done.*—Plans of enlarged Home defence disclosed in both Houses.

*Tuesday.*—Since the House of Commons, sitting in King JAMES'S time, was startled with hoarse whisper that something was wrong in the cellars, it has not been so deeply thrilled as befel to-night. Oddly enough it was that grim uncompromising Orangeman, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG who, nearly three hundred years later, revived the tremor of the Gunpowder Plot. His disclosure nothing to do either with Gunpowder or the Pope.



C. L. STAMPA 400

## "THE EARLY BIRD," &amp;c.

TIME 4 A.M.

Cheery Youth. "LIKE YOUR DOOR SWEEP' AWAY, SIR?"

It was another potent influence in civilisation. Whiskey to wit. BALLYKILBEG secretly obtained information that the Excise officers in Belfast, making their rounds, found in bonded store a cask of whiskey thirty per cent. weaker than it ought to be!

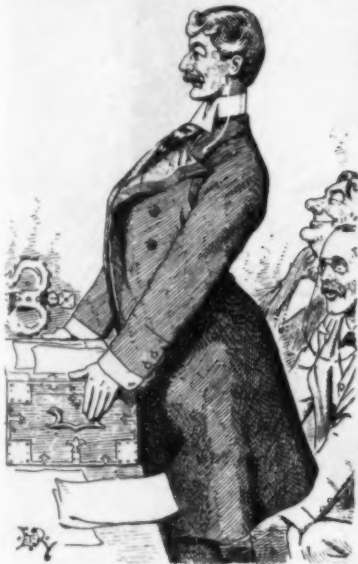
Was that true? BALLYKILBEG sternly demanded, and if so when would the gallows be erected?

Question addressed to GERALD BALFOUR. He, to sincere regret of House on both sides, is laid up in sick room. In his absence HANBURY, man-of-all-work in Administration, thrust forth by his colleagues to reply. Timidly admits fact; promises infliction of penalty.

There matter expected to drop. But that old campaigner, BALLYKILBEG, had another shot in his locker. Among his friends in Nationalist camp opposite sat distinguished distiller, who is not only a Papist, but a Home Ruler. With one eye fixed on a member cowering under gallery, the other flaming on HANBURY, BALLYKILBEG trumpeted forth enquiry: "Did the cask belong to Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Member for East Cavan?"



Roar of anguish burst from Irish camp. "For heaven's sake!" cried REDMOND cadet, white with pained indignation,—



THE NEW "RUPERT OF DEBATE."  
George Wyndham up.

"whatever we do, let us preserve decencies of debate."

Amid uproar, the figure under the gallery was seen upright, clinging to the pillar. "I am not the person," shouted SAMUEL YOUNG.

"Withdraw!" "Withdraw!" roared the Irish members.

BALLYKILBEG sat resolutely silent. He would go to the stake, but he could not recant. If it was not SAMUEL YOUNG, it was some other Papist who had watered the whiskey. *Veritas prævalet.*

*Business done.*—Debate on War Vote.

Thursday.—"Are you there?" This in a roaring-forty voice that recalled the dulcet tones of old Bill Barley, known to readers of *Great Expectations*.

"Yes." This a faint far-away note which, coming under sea and over land, breathed the sweet accent of Dublin city.

As matter of fact it was REDMOND cadet preparing to use the House of Commons as a telephone station whence to harangue the bhoys in Dublin. Preliminaries settled, he for a full hour poured turgid talk through the long-suffering tube. A little hard on an inoffensive assembly. If he had all this at heart to say, why not take train and boat for Dublin and pour it direct in ears for which it was designed?

Query only shows opacity of Saxon intellect. House of Commons at once the most comfortable, most effective, safest, and, above all, cheapest medium of advertisement for blatancy of all kinds. Even in Dublin had REDMOND cadet risen in public meeting and shouted forth the

designedly insulting noisy nonsense frothed in House of Commons to-night, some honest Irishman having brother or son in the gallant army defamed in order that the Boer might be extolled, might have put a loose potato to remonstrative use. The House of Commons merely made fresh display of its superhuman patience. True, only a score of members sprinkled over the benches. They showed no sign of resentment whilst the chamber was filled with raving against English honour and justice. If the member for East Clare had been a baboon hissing wrath and grinning hatred at a smiling Sunday crowd gathered round its cage it could not have mattered less.

"Yet," said SARK, always quick to draw a moral, "if our middle-aged young friend had got up in any public place in Pretoria and made this same speech directed against the powers that be, he would within twenty-four hours have found how much better they manage matters in the Transvaal."

*Business done.*—Vote for men on military estimates.

Friday Night.—When in prime Parnell days money ran low, JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR



"WHO WATERED THE WHISKEY?"  
(Mr. William Johnston of Ballykilbeg.)

was wont to remark, "Mr PARNELL, we must have a row in the House to-night." Row came on accordingly, and subscriptions came in.



JOE'S LATEST FANCY YORKID.  
(Denisonia Faberia triumphans.)

Irishmen, reunited under REDMOND *ainé*, promptly send round hat; response not encouraging. Memory of the familiar counsel of the lamented JOSEPH GILLIS surges back over the waste of time. "We must have a row in the House," REDMOND *ainé* grimly echoed.

Came off to-night accordingly. But a very poor thing; too evidently got up for occasion. Only flash of ancient fires flared by FLAVIN. "Order! Order!" members opposite cried, when, like the London Monument, FLAVIN lifted his tall form and bellowed. "Any gentleman," he replied, "who wants to call me to order can come across the floor of the House."

Excellent. Unobjectionable in Parliamentary form, yet unmistakable in its significance. For the rest, simply noisy and altogether dull.

"Obstruction," says SARK, "is, like architecture, a lost art."

*Business done.*—Vote for thirteen millions agreed to.

#### ADVICE GRATIS.

SUB-EDITOR.—Certainly it is most difficult to make an effective contents-bill. Of course, a terrible battle can always be "expected," but the destruction of a cat can scarcely be accurately described as "great loss of life." As you say, "midnight edition" is sufficiently correct, as it "must be midnight somewhere." But is not the suggestion in London at 5 P.M., to put it mildly, just a trifle misleading?

THE CRY OF THE ARMY COACHES (after reading the War Office proposals).—We shall have no work to do!

WHERE SOME MILITARY LESSONS ARE LEARN'T.—In the Boer'd School, S. A.



## PROLOGUE.

AM not," said Mr. GREENE'S landlady, with stony emphasis,

"in the 'abit of supplying free board and lodging to—loafers!"

"My dear lady," said Mr. GREENE, with a propitiatory smile, although he would very much have liked to tie the landlady to a stake, light a fire, and dance round her with delicately poised tomahawk, singing the while an original war song of his own—"My dear lady, I—"

"I ain't your dear lady, and never was," interrupted the truculent landlady. "Hinglish, I am, and don't you forget it."

"My dear lady," repeated the anguished Mr. GREENE, for the third time, "one could never forget it in any circumstances."

"Then pay up," said the landlady, briefly. "You come loafing around Montreal as if it belonged to you, and then can't pay your board bill. Why, I've half a mind to fire you out myself;" and, with a scientific eye, she surveyed the long-legged Mr. GREENE'S somewhat scanty proportions as she rolled up her sleeves and exhibited arms which would have done credit to a prizefighter.

"I can assure you that my ducal income has not been what it was, owing to—"

"Yah! You and your Dooks!" rudely interrupted the landlady. "It's my idea you ain't no more a Dook than I am."

"Of course," said Mr. GREENE, with a sickly smile, "I have been obliged to flee my native land, owing to—to political complications."

"And you'll be obliged to flee this 'ouse owing to—to personal complications," said the landlady, as she advanced towards her victim.

Mr. GREENE dodged behind the stove-pipe, with an agility altogether unworthy of his patrician ancestors, and extended long-fingered hands in a suppliant manner towards his tyrant.

"To think," he mused aloud, "that one so beautiful should be so harsh."

"Look here," said the landlady, "you don't get over me that way;" but she softened visibly.

"And I had said to myself," urged Mr. GREENE, addressing the ceiling with fervour, "I had said to myself, here is one lovely woman who is disinterested, who will take pity on a political refugee, who will shed her winning smiles, the light of her beauty, on him; who will minister to his necessities, who will cheer him with her noble influence, who will—He broke off to cast a glance at his landlady.

The landlady began to sniff.

"Who will," continued Mr. GREENE, feeling that he was safe, "some day should—eh—should circumstances permit, share his ducal halls, a coronet upon her lovely brows, a—"

"Well," said the landlady, with another sniff, "you do talk that beautiful, Mr. GREENE, I don't mind if I do wait another week."

"Instead of which," said Mr. GREENE, again addressing the ceiling, "she is as hard-hearted as the—as the Hyrcanean tiger, as remorseless as she is beautiful," (the landlady hastily tidied her hair, "as stony as she is majestic."

"Say no more about it, Mr. GREENE, and let bygones be bygones. What did you want me to wear upon my nose, Mr. GREENE?"

"On your brows, woman, on your brows," said Mr. GREENE, instantly becoming severe as the danger diminished. "You don't wear a coronet on your nose."

"And you take back what you said just now about my being a hereculean tiger?" asked the landlady, coquettishly toying with her apron.

Mr. GREENE shuddered; beads of perspiration bedewed his ducal brow. The tenderness of the landlady was more to be dreaded than her anger. "Of course, of course," he said, hastily. Then he assumed a heart-broken air, detached his chain from his waistcoat, quite forgetting that there was no watch at the end, and handed it to her. "Real gold, hall-marked," he muttered, brokenly. "It is the last bauble left me by—an inquisitive and overbearing Scotland Yard. Take it, woman. Take it, and—begone!"

The landlady sniffed again, and cast an amatory glance at Mr. GREENE'S beautiful, but somewhat attenuated, face. From his face, her eyes wandered doubtfully to his legs, which were

of the Chippendale order of architecture. She hesitated. "If you'd like to settle down with me and run the boarding-house," she suggested, with Amazonian skittishness, "I could bring myself in time to overlook those legs. I—"

"Woman, avaunt!" Mr. GREENE strode from behind the stove-pipe, skipped hastily to the door, then turned, thrust one hand in his breast, and surveyed her scornfully. "You have driven me forth penniless into the mercy of a rude world of snow," he cried, bitterly. "Never again, woman, will you see me beneath your roof, never shall the ducal coronet of a GREENE adorn your ignoble brow. I have obtained a temporary situation at the village of Four Corners and will away thither. Seek to stay my departure, utter one word, and the curse of a GREENE of Greeneshawes (my ancestral home," he added, in parenthesis)—"shall be upon you."

The disappointed landlady's reply was searching; but Mr. GREENE did not wait to hear its ripe luxuriance of metaphor. His escape had been narrow; it made him shiver to think how narrow; and his watch-chain represented the last visible token of former splendour. Gone for ever his gorgeous raiment, his purple and fine linen, his fur coat and cap. The fleecy snow fell round him like a winding-sheet as he strode melodramatically towards the railway station. With what theatrical grace had he evaded the enraged landlady! Truly, his genius ought not to be confined to the narrow limits of a printing-office, but should find its proper place on the stage. Then he shivered, for the snow gently but insinuatingly inserted itself in the nape of his neck. He had no overshoes to cover his chilblains. The fare to Four Corners would be about five dollars. He felt hastily in his pockets; but there was a disgraceful unanimity in their emptiness. Alas! that portion of his frame (to which it is impossible to allude publicly) was empty also—very empty! Should he return to the tender embrace of the landlady, or sneak a ride to Four Corners? He could not return after that triumphant exit; it would be such an anti-climax. Then more snow fell down the back of his lean neck as he sneaked into the freight yard, clambered unostentatiously into a car half-filled with flour-sacks, and waved a melodramatic farewell to Montreal. He would have apostrophised the rapidly vanishing city had it not been that the dust from the flour-sacks got into his throat and choked him, and a rude hireling with a big hammer poked his head into the car as he gazed suspiciously at the heap of sacks behind which Mr. GREENE hastily sought refuge. A few hours later, he took advantage of the opening of the car to peep out. He noticed, to his great regret, that the Conductor of the train was an exceedingly muscular person—a man whose health appeared to be as rude as his manners. When the train stopped at a little station, the Conductor went off to get a drink, and Mr. GREENE changed his quarters where he would not run the risk of suffocation from the shifting heaps of sacks. It was a great risk to run, but he gained his new coign of vantage unobserved, and sat down to think over the situation.

# I.

It was an ignominious situation, there was no doubt about that; and Mr. GREENE's language was "painful and frequent and free," as he hid in one corner of the baggage car and wondered how soon the Conductor would discover his whereabouts and proceed to put him off the train with premeditated violence. Would his garments endure the strain of such a proceeding? He feared not, as a long career of usefulness had militated against their resisting power to the rude grasp of worldlings.

The reason for Mr. GREENE's present discomfort was, that it was impossible to expect sympathy from the Conductor, who was a soulless person with a mission to pulverise "dead-heads" whenever he found them on his train. Mr. GREENE's proud spirit chafed at the thought of public humiliation, and, as the Conductor stepped jauntily about the cars, looking into dark corners for possible "beats," he tucked up his sleeves, warmed

his courage at the shrine of his imaginary ancestors, and prepared to invite the Conductor to "come on" before he (Mr. GREENE) was put off.

Fortunately for Mr. GREENE, as the train drew up at the Calumet Station two or three persons entered the car in order to remove some sacks of flour from one corner. Mr. GREENE promptly shouldered a sack, carried it to the edge of the car, dropped it on the platform, and then, seeing the Station Master's eye fixed upon him with amused scrutiny, went back for another sack, and thrust it into that worthy's arms with a vigour which brought the Station Master to the ground. Under cover of this incident, he leaped off the train and felt himself safe.

Seeing Mr. GREENE so busily engaged with the Station Master, the Conductor unsuspiciously signalled "all aboard." By this time the Station Master, with a shrewdness born of long experience, realised the situation and ceased to feel for a revolver wherewith to express his sentiments. Leaving the sack of flour on the platform, he walked into his room, with a nod to the stranger to follow. As an official of the line, it was his duty to kick Mr. GREENE; as a man and a brother who had often played the same trick on railway companies in his own unregenerate days, he felt an unfeigned admiration for the stranger's readiness of resource.

Mr. GREENE followed the Station Master into his cosy cabin, not without inward misgivings. These misgivings vanished when the Station Master extended an Esau-like hand and requested him to shake.

"And what might you call yourself when at home, stranger?" asked the Station Master.

Mr. GREENE warmed both hands at the Station Master's stove, and drew himself up haughtily as the Montreal train disappeared round a curve. "I might call myself the Duke of GREENESHAWES—but no matter," he said carelessly. "The GREENES are one of our oldest English houses. With the 'e,' mind you. At present, I am travelling without my title. THOMAS CLAUDE GREENE will serve. I am moving about Canada for—for pleasure."

"Old PARKER told me to look out for his new printin' man, so I thought it must be you," said the Station Master, drily. "Most of his hands beat their way up here same as you've done; they'd feel it disgraceful to waste money on a ticket-sorter flyin' in the face of Providence, so to speak. They're short-handed at the Four Corners Gazette, and PARKER said as I was to make you hustle for all you're worth."

"I am not accustomed to—to hustle," said the new comer, with hauteur. "These rude provincials must be taught manners. I have accepted this engagement owing to a temporary lack of funds."

"I've bin took that way myself," sympathised the Station Master, "though I ain't a Dook, so to speak."

"But I expect remittances shortly, and—"

"Most printin' chaps do. I've known 'em do it for years and nothin' come of it," retorted the unabashed Station Master. "PARKER's gone off on a jamboree with JACK MURRAY; but he's left his old box-sleigh for you to drive across the river. The road's marked out on the ice with pine-boughs, so you can't go wrong. Thar's a few holes, here and thar, whar teams 'as gone through; but with luck, maybe, you 'll git over all right."

"Teams gone through!—holes!—with luck may get over!" In spite of his ducal descent, the handsome young stranger turned pale.

"If you don't git across, I'll let 'em know as you did your best," suggested the Station Master. "You ain't afraid of bears, maybe?"

"Bears!"

"Thar's an old brown bear as comes down from Plantag'net now and agin. They say he allers likes one full meal afore he curls up in a log for the Winter."

The stranger's long thin legs wobbled visibly. "I—I carry



no arms. Would you have me go to certain death, to be mangled by bears?"

"Oh, that old brown bear don't do no manglin'. He's got a way of wipin' out a feller with his paw in no time."

"I—I can't drive," said Mr. GREENE, somewhat feebly for the descendant of a hundred earls.

"Then you can't be an English Dook, for I've never seen one yet as couldn't drive. No, no; if you're a Dook, as you say you are, you'll drive all right."

Mr. GREENE muttered something about his retainers having always driven all the family horses in England.

"Well, come to think of it, it is a pity you didn't bring a crowd of 'em along to help on the printin'," suggested the Station Master, with unabated cheerfulness. "P'raps it's as well as you didn't, though. Old PARKER's ink's pretty sticky; it might git on their plush britches and spoil their looks."

Mr. GREENE pulled himself together with an effort, drew his somewhat ragged overcoat about him, and pointed theatrically to the door. "Lead on, I follow."

"If I was you, your Dookship, I'd lead her myself," said the Station Master, as he untied something which looked like an loed door-mat attached to a small truck on runners. "'La Paresseuse,' Miss PARKER calls her, 'cause she's allers in a hurry. Why, you ain't got no buffler robes. You'll freeze to death afore you know where you are."

Mr. GREENE looked at the box-sleigh with unmitigated disgust, as "'La Paresseuse'" sleepily winked one eye and took stock of her new driver. The accommodation which the sleigh afforded was of the most primitive description, its runners unevenly balanced, the straw in the bottom ancient and musty.

"I know it ain't like one of your dookal carriages at home, clad in purple and fine linen, as mentioned in the Scriptures. 'La Paresseuse,' too, ain't much to look at, bein' a hoss of disappointed ambitions, so to speak," said the Station Master; "but if any hoss can git through, she will."

"I don't want her to get through," said Mr. GREENE, slowly drawing on his mits. "It's a pity most of her ambition seems to have evaporated in icicles. Is there—is there anything to encourage her to take a fresh interest in existence?"

"Here's a hickory stick," said the Station Master. "I'll lend you some buffler robes and chance 'em goin' under. If the worst comes to the worst, I can allers take out the price of 'em in Gazettes."

He went into the house and returned with an old bell-mouthed blunderbuss and a couple of moth-eaten buffalo robes. "It's only a matter of five miles across to Four Corners," he said, cheerily. "If you meet that bear, he'll be ahind the snow-hummock half-way. He mostly goes down thar when he's hungry, a-lookin' for Miss PARKER, who hurt his feelin's by shootin' at him last Winter. Wait till you see the whites of his eyes afore you fill him up. I've loaded her with two or three bits of old ramrod as'll discourage him."

Mr. GREENE shivered. "How can a man die better than by facing fearful odds!" he murmured, and, seizing "'La Paresseuse'" by the bridle, endeavoured to drag her down to the river brink.

"'La Paresseuse'" made a snap at his arm, shook off half-a-dozen icicles, and went to sleep again.

The Station Master brought the hickory sapling down on her shaggy ribs with a resounding thwack. "She allers likes a sort of hint to start," he explained.

"'La Paresseuse'" went off with a rush, then relapsed into a crawl.

"You'd better climb over the back of the sleigh," suggested the Station Master. "She don't like bein' stopped once she's put her hand to the plough, so to speak."

"If I don't see you again," faltered Mr. GREENE, "accept my thanks for your hospitality. I'm sorry I upset you with the snow-muck."

"Oh, that's all right, Dook. If you don't git over the crossin'

now, you're sure to turn up agin in the Spring when the ice melts," said the Station Master, trotting along by the side of the sleigh. "I'll look out for you. So long."

Mr. GREENE felt very sorry for himself as the Station Master disappeared and "'La Paresseuse'" slowly threaded her way along the ice track. He was alone beneath the midnight Canadian sky—alone upon this snowy waste, a sombre mass of cedars and pines in the distance serving to mark the opposite shore where the tin spire of the Four Corners Catholic Church gleamed like a silver sea. An effete dweller in cities, Mr. GREENE was not prepared to cope with the primeval forces of Nature as exemplified by bears and holes in the river track. Carefully tying the reins to the side of the sleigh, he smote "'La Paresseuse'" with the hickory sapling, drew the buffalo robes more closely around his shivering form, and prepared to meet his fate. All Summer he had lived a life of butterfly ease, drifting from town to town to increase his knowledge of mankind, and, incidentally, of womenkind also. But with the approach of Winter, he had been forced to fall back upon his plebeian calling of printer, and wrap himself in the haughty reserve of his supposed aristocratic connections. By dint of hinting darkly at his high birth, he had gradually come to believe in it. At any rate, if need be, he could die like a Duke, should the bear prove deaf to moral suasion.

Mr. GREENE's knowledge of firearms was more than elementary, for he knew absolutely nothing about them, except that they were exceedingly unpleasant things with which to have anything to do. He had a vague idea that you carelessly swung up a revolver when you wanted to kill anything, and that the revolver attended to everything else on its own initiative. His acquaintance with larger weapons was even less, although he did know the butt of a rifle from the muzzle. The weapon belonging to the Station Master, however, was not of modern construction, and seemed to be a relic of the days when hospitable settlers thoughtfully prepared hospitable welcomes for stray Indians. It seemed to Mr. GREENE, that all it required was a gun-carriage to make it an excellent weapon wherewith to batter down the walls of a beleaguered city.

He picked up the blunderbuss from the box-sleigh, somewhat injudiciously put the stock firmly against the middle of his waistcoat, and peered anxiously along the track to where, about halfway, was a huge heap of snow. He could see nothing.

The road zig-zagged between green branches of cedar which had been stuck into the ice on either side to mark the track. The cedar branches cast ugly shadows on the snow—shadows which suggested to Mr. GREENE all sorts of unpleasant possibilities. For aught he knew, they might be the ghosts of Indian braves revisiting their former haunts and longing for the scalp of the paleface. He might, perhaps, be able to do something with an enraged bear, but it was utterly impossible to argue with ghosts; their reasoning powers were as thin as themselves. As no ghosts appeared on the scene, his thoughts reverted to the bear. It was probable that the blunderbuss was accustomed to deal with bears.

"Perhaps," he said, hopefully, "if the brute does come, he will begin on 'La Paresseuse.' I shall be comparatively flavourless by the time he has done with her."

"'La Paresseuse'" resented this unfeeling remark with a kick which dashed in the front of the sleigh and severely barked Mr. GREENE's right shin. Then she galloped fearlessly towards a huge animal which suddenly emerged from behind the snow-hummock and sprang into the sleigh.

Pressing the stock of the blunderbuss still more firmly against the pit of his empty stomach, Mr. GREENE shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. The blunderbuss retaliated by kicking him over the back of the sleigh, and he fainted.

He recovered, to find a particularly soothing brand of whiskey trickling down his throat with the accompaniment of various unflattering remarks about himself in the sweetest voice he

had ever heard. "I shall see that brute of a Station Master again, after all," he said, dreamily. "Oh, my!"

"Of course you've a pain in your 'Oh, my!'" said the same sweet sh voice. "It's a wonder you've any 'Oh, my!' left, after holding your gun in that stupid way."

Mr. GREENE'S head reposed on the shoulder of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had spread a buffalo robe on the snow, a few yards away from a gory mass with a long tail. His quarry was before him. His! At the very first shot!

Mr. GREENE felt ashamed to be thus ministered to by a girl. Even in his distress it was some consolation to him to notice how beautiful she was, and with what a half-motherly, half-sisterly air she endeavoured to protect him from the consequences of his own misguided zeal as a sportsman. Still, it was not every one who could repress with such complete success the misguided attempts of a wild animal to eat him. At the same time, Mr. GREENE could not help feeling painfully conscious that sport of this nature was not without its drawbacks, and that another such shot would in all probability be as disastrous to himself as to the animal at which it was aimed. Then, when the first agony of the blow on his stomach had abated, he struggled up a little, and began to experience the joy of successful destruction. There was his prey peacefully reposing—what was left of it—in the moonlight. He staggered to his feet, and struck a melodramatic attitude.

"Have I killed it dead?" he asked, with modest pride, although conscious of an acute pain from the recoil of the gun.

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "I reckon it's dead enough, stranger; that is, what's left of it to die."

"My first bear," said Mr. GREENE, in nonchalant tones.

"First what?" asked the girl, putting the whiskey flask back in her pocket.

"I said 'bear.'"

The girl regarded him with twinkling eyes. "Yes, I know you said 'bear'; I'm not deaf; but, say, stranger, did you ever see a bear with—a tail—like—that!"

Mr. GREENE staggered towards the dead animal. "A freak of Nature—a freak of Nature to put sportsmen off their guard at its insidious approach. Somebody must have tied it on."

"Most people," gurgled the girl, "would call it a Newfoundland—bear! Eh, stranger?"

She looked into his handsome face, pale with suffering; he gazed into hers, and forgot his pain. "Who—who are you?"

"My friends call me ELVINA PARKER, and I've come out to look for my dad. Dad always wants looking for badly when he meets JACK MURRAY."

"Looking for?"

"Yes." The girl hesitated as if not quite certain as to the advisability of confiding in the handsome young stranger. A glance at his suffering face, however, reassured her. "When dad has been sticking pretty closely to work for a few months, he feels the need of a change."

"I see."

"Yes; and he takes it this way."

"How?"

"Well, he generally makes all his arrangements beforehand," said the girl with the traces of laughter in her beautiful eyes, "so that the subscribers sha'n't be taken unawares when he goes off on a 'jag.'"

"I beg your pardon. On a what?"

"On a 'jag.' It is a technical term for the—the momentary oblivion induced by too much whiskey," solemnly explained the girl.

"I see."

"And the curious thing is that JACK MURRAY always feels the same symptoms coming on when dad is beginning to sicken for this complaint. Then they meet, and he also makes his arrangements so that people sha'n't be upset by his momentary inattention to duty."

"And what becomes of the *Four Corners Gazette*?"

"I look after that, if there isn't any one else. Just alter the date, put in a notice and issue this contents-bill. See here."

Then the girl pointed to a placard which was hanging on the wall.

#### FOUR CORNERS GAZETTE.

Friends will kindly accept

THIS INTIMATION

that the

EDITOR

IS TEMPORARILY INCAPACITATED

from attending to

HIS EDITORIAL DUTIES.

The girl smiled, and continued—

"No one kicks at getting the same number twice. They have been known to object when there has been a third; but then some people are so exacting. Now you are coming to us, we shall be able to surprise our subscribers."

"I think I am far more surprised than they are likely to be. But everything seems to be swimming. People will be disappointed when they see your new printer—all that is left of him. I must apologise for arriving in such a scattered condition."

The girl surveyed him curiously.

"You've lost me my—bear! Oh-h!"

"You've lost me my—heart!"

"If it's as badly smashed as that," said the girl, pointing to the defunct Newfoundland, "you'll never get it back again."

She dragged the dead dog to the snow-hummock, covered him over, and whistled to "La Paresseuse," who came at once.

"Get in," said Miss PARKER. "We'll leave the remains of your—your bear—to be carried over the Falls when the ice breaks up. Here, lean on me, if you can't walk."

She half-pushed, half-lifted him into the sleigh, as his head fell on her shoulder, and he fainted again. "I never knew that a gun could kill at both ends before," said the girl, coaxing "La Paresseuse" into a gallop. "Reckon I'll have to get the paper out myself this week."

Some hours later, Mr. GREENE revived in bed, with an uneasy consciousness that he was all stomach. A huge furry mass lay in one corner of the room, from which a sickening odour floated up to his nostrils. "What's that?" he asked.

"Miss PARKER thought you'd like to see your bearskin," said the wrinkled old doctor, who was busily preparing hot fomentations.

"The what?"

"The bearskin. She sent some one down to skin it. She seems to think she owes her life to you."

"But I don't understand. I was under the impression that I had shot a dog."

"Well," said the doctor with a sniff of contempt, "you're the first Englishman I ever met who didn't know a dog from a bear. How you managed to hit it and yourself at the same time is a mystery to me. If you're able to move without disturbing those bandages, just cast your eye in that corner and tell me whether you ever saw a dog with a skin like that."

Mr. GREENE raised himself on one elbow. Yes; there was no doubt about it at all. There was a bearskin newly stripped from its wearer, and convincingly gory. Even the tail was the length of an ordinary bear's caudal appendage.

(Continued in our next.)